

Golden Marks (cannot be washed off)

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by [Flustered](#)

Summary

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Tommy did not squeal when he was lifted up and tucked under the guy's chin. He opened his mouth to throw out a series of insults but it died on his tongue when he heard the guy chuff at him *calm-calm-safe*.

It had been forever since Tommy had heard another piglin. And something inside of him sat up alert, listening intently as the man rumbled and chuffed. The headache and the throbbing around his throat was fading, and it was like a ticking time bomb slowly clicking down to zero. Tommy didn’t know what was going to happen, but-

He felt strange.

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.

the bedrockbro platonic soulmate mafia au, that again nobody asked for.

Notes

DARKSBI DISCLAIMER BRRUUHH

HoneyDew_Tea and I had a challenge for each other to make a soulmate fic with the same premise. This is my story. I still think Dew's was better.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The big guy was back again. Tommy's tail flicked back in distaste as the door to the laundromat jingled open. But he didn't openly glare at the man in a suit that could only be dry cleaned and probably cost a fortune to do so. Sam had told him not to look at the suited men who came in, and since Sam was the one who gave him food, Tommy was going to respect that decision.

Now, on the other hand, when they drag Sam into a back alleyway, that is what Tommy is going to have a problem. The last two goons had met Tommy in the dark after throwing Sam on the ground. And they ran with their metaphorical and literal tails and ears tucked back in fear.

Tommy wasn't going to complain. The Blood God made piglin hybrids feared in society, and since Tommy was one he could use it to his advantage. He just had to posture a bit and show off his small tusks and the shady goons would pack their bags and go. It was easy! Sam said not to, and he made Tommy promise not to interfere again. But if Tommy was sitting in a corner and he just so happened to flick his tail and they noticed it, then that wasn't doing any harm.

But since the last time the goons fled the scene, a new challenger approached. Tommy called him the Big Guy. Sam folded like a piece of wet cardboard when Big Guy came in, forking over the gadgets he built in the basement.

Tommy did not like Big Guy.

For once, he didn't care that Tommy was a piglin hybrid. Maybe because he was one too. He only met Tommy's eyes once, and it was to snort condescendingly at him. Fucker. The guy was a brute, if Tommy had ever seen one. And Tommy was on the slender smallish side. But he was still a big man! Using a reputation of piglin hybrids didn't help if Big Guy was using it for his own gain too. No wonder Sam always looked so gray and pale after he left.

The only reason why Tommy didn't chase any two-bit thug from the property was because Sam made him swear not to. And Sam was the one who gave Tommy, a piglin hybrid, food and shelter which was unheard of. Plus he was nice to Tommy. Honestly Tommy owed Sam his *life* because of the stigma against piglins, so Tommy held back.

But just barely.

Tommy glared at the table with all the anger he could muster. If he couldn't look at the jackasses, then Tommy was still going to direct his ire at something. He could see the Big Guy standing at the counter, holding himself with an ease that spoke of power. It made Tommy want to spit and snarl and wipe all of that arrogance away. To make the Big Guy afraid and never come back to the laundromat.

It was probably the fact that there was another piglin in his territory that was making Tommy so irritated today.

Sam shuffled his way from behind the counter with his head hung low. His voice quiet but still audible, "I'm sorry, sir. The parts didn't come in until late last night and I didn't finish--"

"I'm not here to listen to excuses," Big Guy's voice was deep and monotone, and it made Tommy's teeth grind against each other. The baby tusks poking out of his mouth rubbed against his lips. "Why don't we go into your office and have a chat."

A chat was a code word for 'beating you up so you don't make the same mistake again.' Tommy had heard it enough times. Tommy almost stood up, but one sharp look from Sam made him slump back down into his seat. His legs kicking in the air freely with frustration, the chair too tall for him to touch the ground.

"Of course, sir." Sam said, and the Big Guy disappeared into the back.

Tommy angrily sighed, listening to the various washing machines running in the background. They disguised the sound of punches and kicks. A particularly loud dryer had something heavy in it and it thumped around constantly. It was like somebody stuck their shoes in it.

Tommy stared down at his human hands. He wondered if he were big like the brute then nobody could come in here and demand things from Sam. Tommy wasn't very tall yet. But he hasn't hit his growth spurt yet! Yeah. That's all it was.

Most people would have an issue with a nine year old kid living on the street. But they would take one look at his floppy piglin ears that sometimes folded over into his eyes and would visibly recoil. The few foster homes Tommy visited were glad to see him go, and Tommy decided the streets were a better place to live.

But still. If only he was bigger. Grown up. Stronger- he could protect Sam. The one man who was kind to Tommy. He didn't deserve to have people beating him up. Even if Tommy shifted into his piglin form it wouldn't be a good threat. It was even smaller than his human form. A fluffy tiny piglin wasn't very terrifying. If he were big and strong then nobody could bother Sam again!

The dryer thumped thumped thumped. And Tommy's leg jumped up and down. A mundane clock on the wall ticked on. Seconds passed. A minute hand slowly inched forwards. Tick tick tick. A timer buzzed. Loud and long, and the empty room held nobody but Tommy to hear it. The end of a cycle of clothes.

Ten minutes passed, and Tommy's tail was firmly curled up around his leg in anxiety. He kept glancing at the back door. He should... he should go check and make sure Sam was alright. His feet tapped and the buzzer went off again. And only a few more minutes passed before Tommy gave out a soft pleading whine *come-back-please* and it wasn't returned.

Sam was the greatest person ever. And Tommy would be damned if he got hurt. Not on his watch. He jumped to his feet and slunk to the back door. He avoided the hollow tile that always sounded loud when he stepped on it, creeping closer to the door. There was a soft mutter of voices. Tommy's ears perked up, and he shuffled closer.

Only to hear a smack of flesh hitting flesh, and a pained groan. Sam!

Tommy saw *red*. He didn't care this fucker was bigger and scarier! He was going to tear him into pieces. Tommy surged forwards, and pushed the door open with force. It banged open, and Tommy saw Sam on the ground, curled up in a ball with Big Guy looming over him.

"Let him go!" Tommy's voice cracked, and he bared his tusks. His tail was bristling and his ears were pinned back. He was the biggest man here and this other guy should be afraid of him!

"Sam, you should have a tighter leash on your pet," Big Guy said, barely glancing at Tommy. Snorting again with that condescending look. Like Tommy wasn't even worth his time. Tommy growled trying to make himself bigger and more of a threat.

"I'm not a pet!" The words were thick and bulky when trying to speak while growling as loud as he could.

"T-Tommy get out of here." Sam's words were slurred, and he tried to raise a hand but it was all crooked in ways that it shouldn't be. Broken.

Tommy didn't know when he charged. One second he was in the doorway, the next he was darting forwards to claw at the Big Guy. He needed to sink his teeth into his throat and *tear-*

A hand clamped down around the back of Tommy's neck, and suddenly his feet were kicking into the air as all of the breath left him. The hold was tight and Tommy couldn't breathe! Tommy's hands reaching up and clamping on the wrist that held him up.

It was hot. It was very, very hot. Holy fuck did this guy come straight from a lava pool in the nether? Tommy kicked out, landing a solid hit against the Big Man's suit. A dusty foot print left on the black fabric. He let out a strangled whine.

Just as quickly as it started, Tommy was set down roughly on the ground. Tommy stumbled back, gasping for air, and a big hand grabbed onto his shoulder to stop him from falling down. Tommy's hands flew up to touch his throat, covering it up just in case the guy was going to choke him again.

It still burned. It didn't hurt, not in a bad way. But it was pressing into his skin. Into the bones of his neck. Persistently there, and Tommy didn't like it. It felt suffocating. Like the band of heat was slowly tightening up. A noose slipped closed around his neck.

A big hand tugged on Tommy's hands. And Tommy flinched away, but the grip on his arm only tightened. Bruising. "Let me see," Big Guy's voice was firm and commanding, and brokered no arguments. Tommy's shaking hands were pushed aside, and-

Tommy finally looked up at Big Guy. And wow, he was *big*. The nickname should have been a give away. But Tommy had never been near him, and he just towered over Tommy. Long pink hair was pulled back into a loose ponytail at the nape of his neck, and it spilled over his shoulder as he leaned over Tommy.

Big Guy's face was like cut marble. Impossibly blank. But as Tommy gazed up at him with wide fearful eyes, his heart in his mouth, Big Guy's lips curled back into a reveal sharp tusks.

Grinning down with an excited dark delight at Tommy.

Tommy's ears slowly pinned back until they were flat against his head, leaning as far away from the man as he could.

"Hello, little one. Tommy, was it?" His voice purred, as he rubbed at Tommy's neck with his thumb. A small little whine escaped Tommy's lips, and the grin got wider. "You don't know how long we waited for you, runt."

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There was a cliff. And the longer Tommy stood there, the closer he edged to it. His head hurt. A blistering throbbing pain at the base of his skull and the rope around his neck restricted his breathing. A stray thought hit him. Tommy- he should be fighting. Sam is hurt. And Tommy needed to be fighting and-

A hand carded through his hair, and rested around the nape of his neck. Resting there. Like a perfectly shaped peg sliding into a hole- the man's hand fit into place. Fingers gently squeezed just as the man made a sharp noise *listen-to-me*.

The headache spiked one last time. And the bond clicked into place. Tommy stumbled over the precipice and tumbled off the cliff with a shudder. His legs gave out, and he weakly fell limp into the man's grasp.

"There you go," the man rumbled in Tommy's ear as his hand rubbed his back soothingly. "Took the bond a second to settle in, huh Tommy?" The words were so distant and fuzzy, like Tommy could hear them under the water. He snuffled, taking in the scent of the man. He smelled so nice. And he was warm and big.

Question-protector-help? Tommy squeaked out, and there was a pleased rumble like a car engine that replied, *yes-protector-safe-runt*.

Oh!! Oh! That was very good! Tommy never had a protector before. His tail flicked back and forth happily, and he nuzzled into the man's neck. And Protector purred happily, pulling Tommy into his arms. Which was very good! Super good! Tommy was suddenly aware that

he was in a big open space, and the sensation of being exposed slid down his back with an uneasy shiver. He wasn't in a safe place. He squirmed uncomfortably.

Safe-safe-comfort-runt. A jacket was pulled over Tommy's head, and oh! That felt a lot better. Tommy's purr was higher pitched and it stuttered in his chest. He never made this sound before. But it felt so right. Everything buzzed but this felt so good. Like a puzzle piece finally placed in its perfect spot, finishing the picture.

There was a cough, "don't- don't hurt him. Please- please don't hurt him, Technoblade." Sam groaned from where he was still on the ground. And Tommy flinched, and that's right- Sam was hurt and *unsafe?-hurt?-friend-hurt*. Anxiety bubbled up, and suddenly the jacket wasn't enough. He was too vulnerable. Despite being in his protector's arms.

Shh-you're-safe-you're-okay. And then the man- Technoblade? Weird name- said, "I'll be in contact with you later." And then they were moving. Tommy couldn't see anything, but he could feel a cold draft from outside brushing against his legs and he shuddered again. *Unsafe-unsafe-unsafe* he squeaked out, shaking.

"You are just fine, runt." Technoblade said into Tommy's ears. "Don't worry."

Tommy didn't *feel* fine. He shook, burying his face into Techno's throat. The world was just too big. And anything could happen. He wasn't safe. Not until he was gently placed on the floor, his shaking grasp gently pried off of Techno's shoulders, and a car door was shut. The noise of the outside world was muted, and it was like a cool balm on Tommy's freshly awoken nerves.

The jacket slid down a bit, and Tommy peered out and saw he was sitting on the floor of the car. The space was small, and Techno's legs were next to him. But it was- oh it was a good space. The best kind of space. Small enough for Tommy. The back of the car seat pressed up against his back and he was *safe*.

"I forget that the first bond will pull hybrids under." A hand was resting on his head, pulling through Tommy's dirty blonde hair. And it felt really good. He leaned into the hand, "you're in so deep I doubt you understand me."

Tommy almost nodded just to agree before the words caught up to him. Sluggishly he looked up at Technoblade, and frowned at him. Did he just call Tommy dumb? Bitch, Tommy isn't stupid, *Techno* is stupid. He squeaked out in anger.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Techno bared his teeth in a feral grin. "You're a spitfire. Even when you're pulled into your instincts. Phil is going to *love* you."

Tommy didn't care for this *Phil* character. Instead he pulled the jacket back up but the hand caught it and stopped Tommy from hiding. "Shh, it's okay. I just want to see your face." Tommy might have an issue with this but Techno's fingers reached behind his ears and scratched. He melted into the side of Techno's leg, and his stuttering purr rose up again.

Techno's fingers knew the best spots to scratch. He didn't know how long he leaned against Techno's leg, the car bumping and jostling underneath him. Everything buzzed pleasantly and

Tommy felt safe and secure. He was almost dozing off when he heard Techno answer a call. The words were still so far away, but Tommy caught his name being mentioned and it caught his attention like a fish on a hook. Dragging him up from the depths. Slowly the noises became sounds, which then later turned into words that Tommy could actually comprehend.

“-I’m not the idiot who stole a jet and flew to France.” Techno spoke, “you’re just going to have to live not meeting him until you can get back.” His fingers rubbed against Tommy’s ears. Tommy barely picked up the sound of a man whining over the other side of the call. “I can keep him company until you two get back tomorrow, Wilbur.”

There was a pause, “no, I’m not putting him in the nest.” There was a shout, “he’s going through piglin instincts. Runts aren’t comfortable in big spaces. They need small, dark areas. Like *my den*.” The last few words were purred out, and Techno glanced down and caught Tommy’s eyes. “Hello, did I wake you up?” There was another loud noise from the other side of the speaker. It was just barely too faint to understand what was going on the other side.

Tommy sluggishly nodded, and Techno hummed. “I don’t think he can speak. But if you want to say hi, I won’t stop you.” And he leaned down and pressed the phone next to Tommy’s head. “Say hello Tommy.”

Tommy let out a soft squeak. “Oh hello!” A man said, almost out of breath. “Hello, sweetheart! My name is Wilbur. I’ve heard so much about you. You sound adorable.”

Adorable? *Adorable*? Tommy is not adorable! He’s a big man! The biggest of men. He let out a dissatisfied chuff, and glared up at Technoblade. The audacity of this bitch. Techno grinned down at him and went to withdraw the phone but Tommy reached up and grabbed his wrist to stop it. He held it closer and snorted several times before allowing Techno to take it back.

“I don’t think you said the right thing, Wilbur.” There was a pause, “he just cussed you out in piglin.” And then Techno laughed, “whatever you did you got him riled up. Here, come up here, Tommy.” Techno patted his lap and Tommy squirmed his way up. His knees and elbows hurt from being all squished for a while and it felt good to stretch them.

It wasn’t scary to sit on Techno’s lap. The car was small. But he still pressed himself to Techno’s side like glue. And now Tommy could actually hear the other side of the conversation as well.

“-put him on the phone again so I can talk to him.”

“I don’t know, Phil.” Techno dragged a hand through Tommy’s hair, and he pressed his head into Techno’s palm. “I don’t think he’s in a talking mood anymore.”

“Can you at least send a picture? Please, I’m dying here, Techno.” Wilbur interjected, “it’s not fair! I wanna know what he looks like.”

Techno hummed and two people spoke over the phone, clamoring for his attention. Tommy didn’t know what was going on. Just that Techno looked smug, a lip curling up in a satisfied look. “What do you say, Tommy?” Techno said, petting Tommy’s curls, “do you want to send them a picture?”

Tommy grumbled but buried his face into Techno's shirt. And Techno's hand dipped onto Tommy's neck. Tommy shivered, tensing for a second, before leaning into the sensation. A thumb swiped over the baby hairs, and Techno gently tugged his head back. "Come on, let's give them a good picture. Just one."

Tommy didn't protest as Techno shuffled him around. Tilting his head up, exposing his neck, keeping one hand curled loosely around it. The phone was lifted high, and Tommy could see himself on the screen. Blue eyes blinking slowly up at the camera. His hair was messy from when Techno kept running his fingers through it, and something glinting caught Tommy's eyes-

There were shiny golden bands around his neck. He held still as the camera clicked, and then Techno was tucking him back under his arm. Tommy's hand reached up and touched his throat, but he didn't feel anything there. What- what had that been? There were four lines, each about a finger thick, stretching across Tommy's neck. Those hadn't been there before.

Tommy chuffed out a confused noise, touching at his neck again. Looking up at Technoblade with curious eyes.

"-that's all I'm sending you. Enjoy your trip back." Techno glanced down, "bye." And he ended the call on the two yelling voices. "What's wrong, Tommy?" Tommy brushed his fingers up and down his throat, chuffing out his question again.

"Oh, you saw it didn't you?" Techno didn't look mad, instead he flicked his phone back to the camera setting. The screen turned black for a second before showing a inverted scene of Techno's shirt, "do you want to see?"

Tommy made grabby hands, and Techno held the phone just shy out of his grip, "no touching. Phil already had my head for breaking two other phones this month. I don't think he'll believe me if I tell him it was you this time." Tommy withdrew his hands, and Techno brought the phone up to Tommy's neck.

Four bands across the right side his throat, just like how Tommy had seen it. But there was another wrapping around from the left side. The gold shone, and Tommy's hands reached up to try and grab it. To covet it. To love it. But his fingers only slid across his bare neck, finding nothing to grab onto.

Tommy let out a sad whine. *Out-of-reach.*

"Do you know what it is?" Techno asked, and his hand slipped around Tommy's throat again. His fingers and thumb perfectly lined up on the gold, and no- it wasn't four lines but a *handprint*. The palm covered the back of Tommy's neck, and the fingers stretched out across his bare throat.

Something deep inside of Tommy's brain rang. *Soulmark*. It was a soulmark. The colors were important. Something about red being romantic, but there were loads of other relationships that soulmarks could signify. But he didn't care about that- Tommy blinked mulishly, reaching up and moving Techno's fingers away so he could paw at the gold marks again. He let out another sad cry. Unable to grab onto the gold itself and hold it.

“Do you like it?” Techno whispered into Tommy’s ear, “having a permanent mark around your neck? Do you like showing the world that you’re mine?”

Tommy liked the *gold*. And he nodded, entranced. “Would you like a real one? A pretty little necklace wrapped around your neck?”

Uh, *yes*. Yes, Tommy would very much like a real one. He wanted to feel the metal between his fingers. He wanted to stare at it in a mirror all day and admire how the light catches on it. Again he nodded, but this time with more fervor. Techno purred happily. “I’ll have to polish up some of Wilbur’s old ones he outgrew. Just until I can make you one myself.”

Tommy finally pulled his eyes away from the phone screen and buried his face under Techno’s chin. *Happy-happy-safe*.

“Phil is going to be so upset he’s going to miss your cuddling stage.” Techno spoke, running his fingers through Tommy’s hair. “Once you’re awake, you’re going to be a little spitfire again, aren’t you? You’re not going to be happy. But you’ll learn, Tommy.” And that little ringing bell inside of Tommy’s brain was going off again. The color of soulmarks was important. Right? Red was romantic. Blue was friendship. What was gold supposed to mean again? The thought was just out of reach. Right on the tip of his tongue.

It hit Tommy just as Techno spoke, “you’ll learn to be happy with your *family*.”

End Notes

Soulmark colors were-
Red- Romantic
Blue- Friendship
Gold- Family

I had one more scene where Tommy is in the den and hides under the pillows and sheets and SBI come in and go: where.... WHERE IS THE BOOYYY??? And Techno goes: heh, watch this pro gamer move. And he uncovers lil sleepy Tommy and Phil and Wilbur melt.

My friend, Bitsinboots, author of Secret of Being Colorful and I have made a discord (MULTIFANDOM NOW as of April 2024) server together. It is a 15+ age server. And it's a dictatorship. But if you'd like to come hang out with us, feel free. Here is the [discord link](#).

But im lazy so i didn't write it lol. maybe another day i can add it in. but for now. it'll just be a oneshot.

Follow me on my [twitter](#) for updates or snippets of future chapters. I also announce when I am updating on there.

For a limited time only: I'll open up my shared discord with my friend Bones. Join me [here](#). This discord is made for specifically dark sbi in mind, and it focused heavily on the dark themes. We ask those only 15+ of age to join. If you are under the age limit, we respectfully ask you to not join.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!